

THE
Deserted Road

WRITTEN BY

T Buchanan Read

MUSIC BY

William R. Dempster.



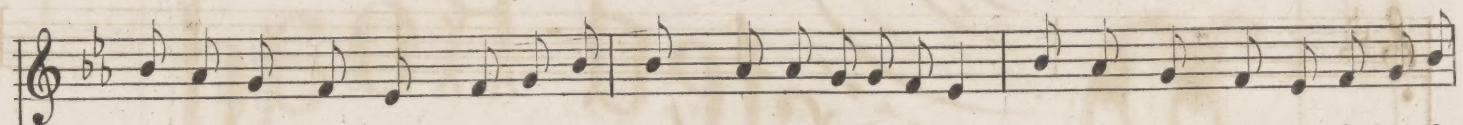
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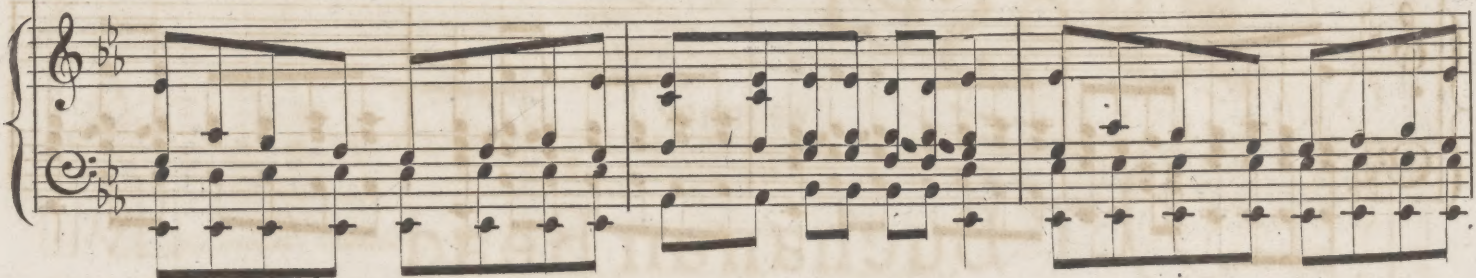
THE DESERTED ROAD.

Written by T. BUCHANAN READ.

Music by W. R. DEMPSTER.



Ancient road that wind'st deserted Through the level of the vale Sweeping toward the crowded market



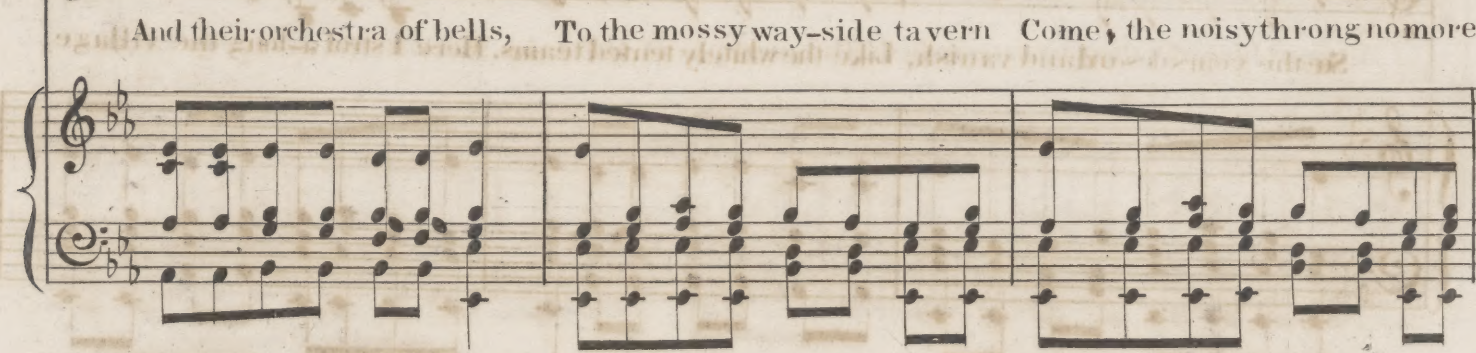
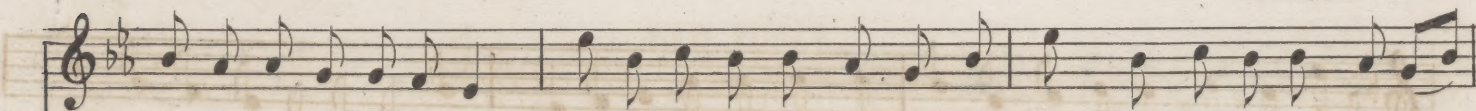
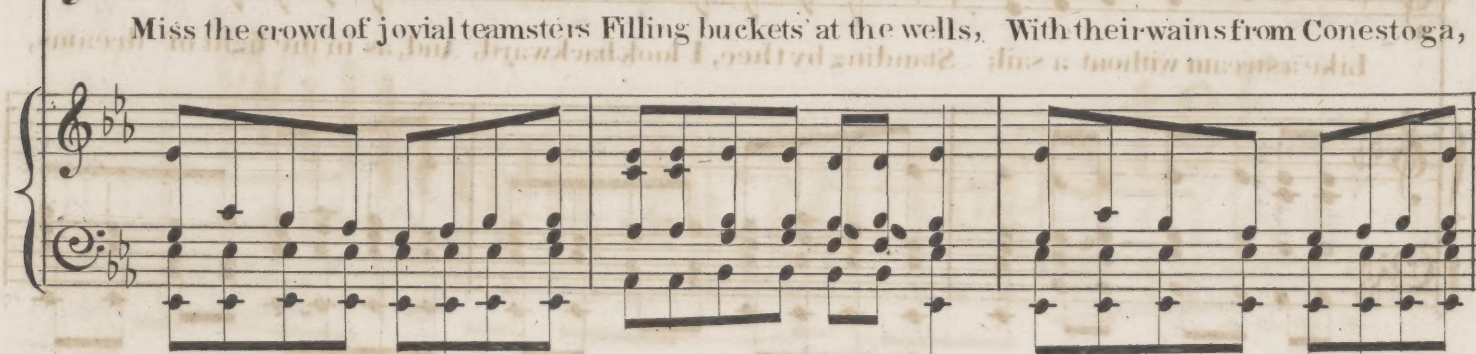
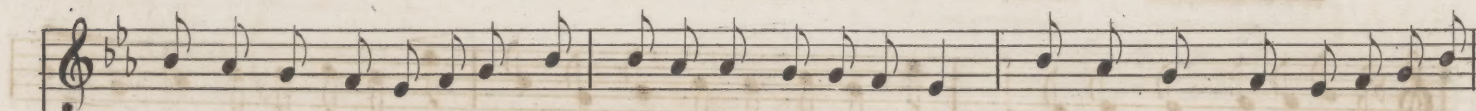
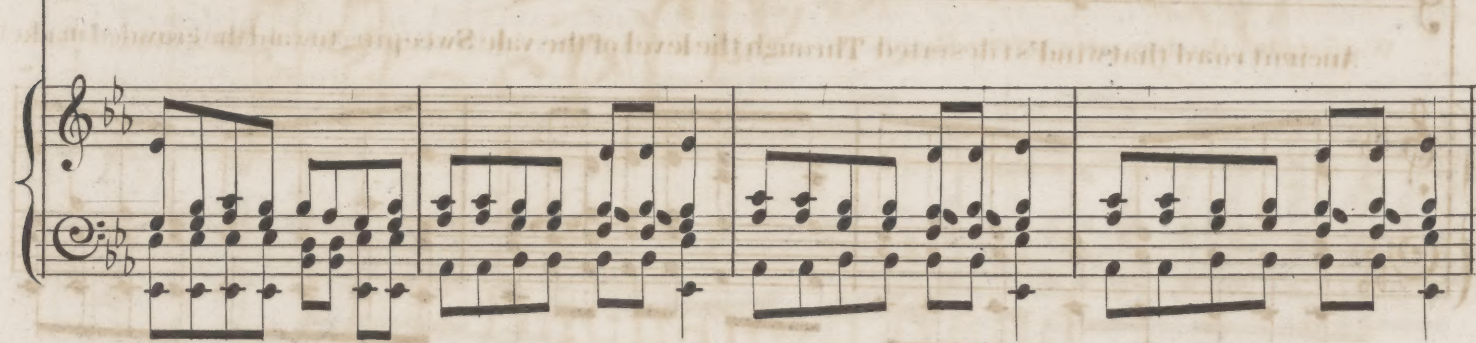
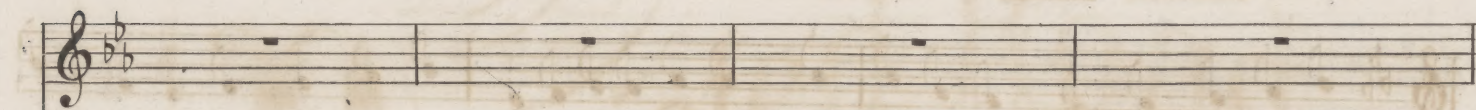
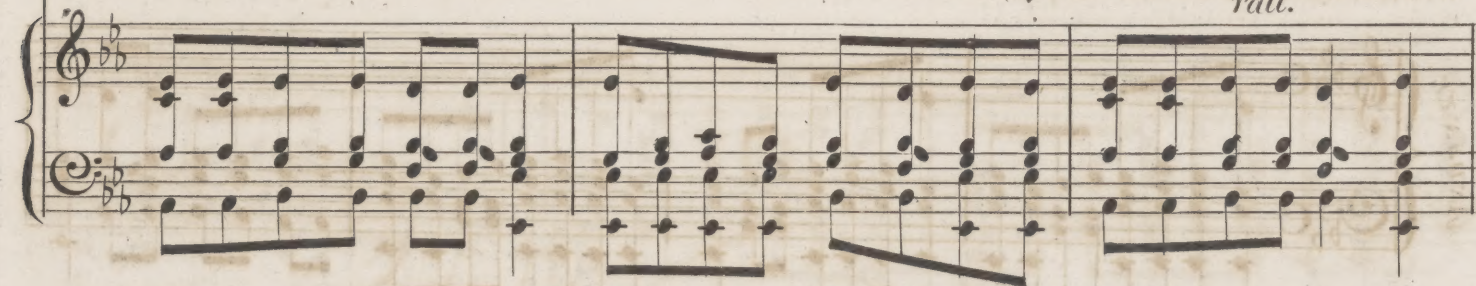
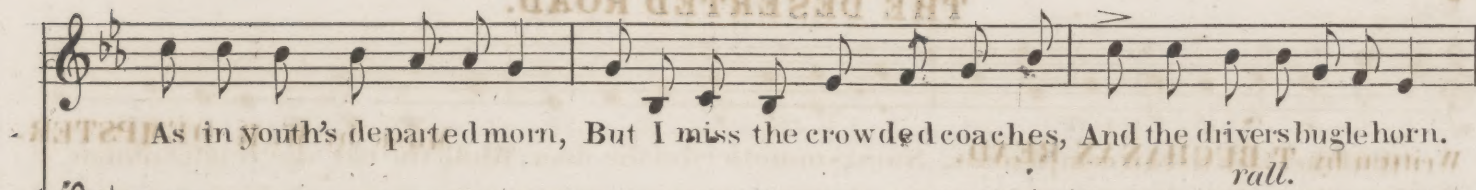
Like a stream without a sail; Standing by thee, I look backward, And, as in the light of dreams,



See the years descend and vanish, Like the whitely tented teams. Here I strol a-long the village,



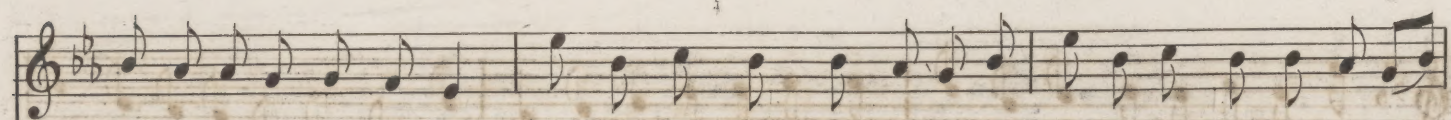
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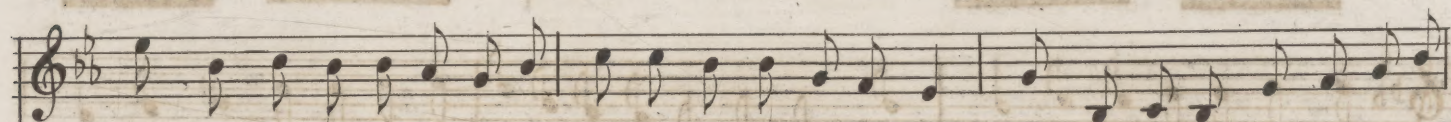
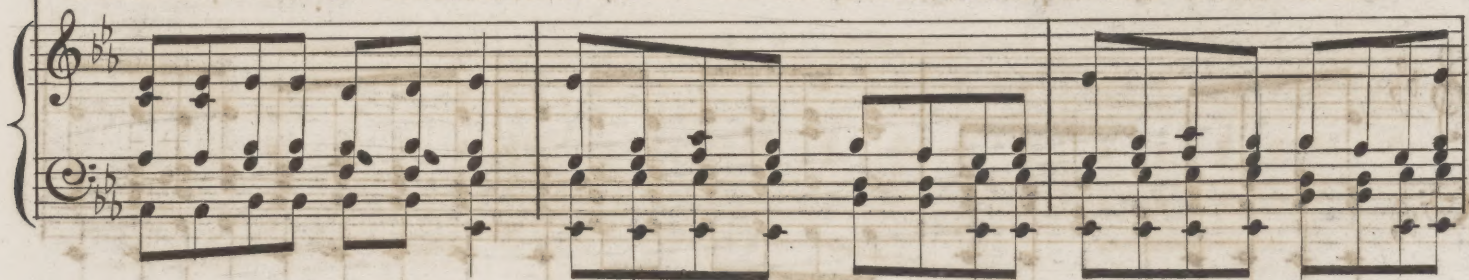
And the faded sign complaining, Swings unnoticed at the door; While the old decrepit tollman

Waiting for the few who pass, Reads the melancholy story In the thickly springing grass.
rall.

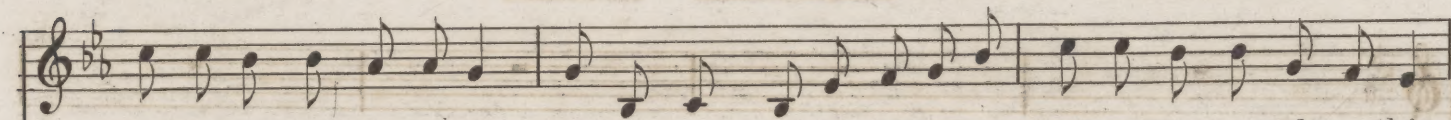
Ancient highway thou art vanquished: The usurper of the vale, Rolls in fiery iron rattle



Ex-ul-tations on the gale. Thou art vanquished and neglected; But the good tha thou hast done

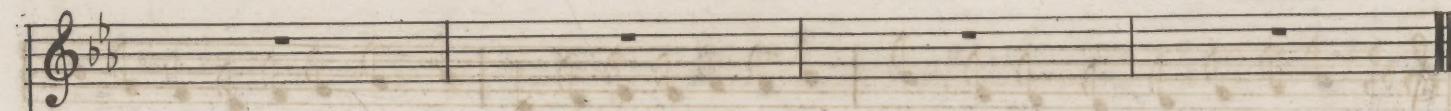


Though by man it be forgotten Shall be deathless as the Sun. Though neglected, gray and grassy,



Still I pray that my decline May be through as vernal valleys, And as blest a calm as thine.

rall.



THE DESERT FLOWER

SALE

BY

THE DESERT FLOWER

SALE

NEW YORK

AND

WILLIAM J. WEBB